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DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI.

Up from the deeps, Oh, God, I cry to thee,
Hear the soul's prayer, hear thou her litany,
On thou, who saith, "Come, wanderer, home to me!"

Up from the deeps of sorrow, whence lie
Dark secrets veiled from earth's unpeeping eye,
My prayers, like star-crossed angels, God-ward fly.

Up from the deeps of joy, deep tides of woe,
With falsehood that the heart can never tell,
Thanks shall ring clear as rings a festal bell.

From the calm bosom when in quiet hour
God's Holy Spirit reigns with largest power,
Then shall each thought in prayer's white blossom flower.

From the dark mine, where slow Thought's diamond burns,
Where the Gold-spirits vein their rugged urns,
From that grim Cyclop-forge my spirit turns,

And gazes upward at thy clear blue sky,
And 'midst the light that floods it does thy
Bright stars unseen by superficial eye;

Where Sin's Red Dragon lie in caverns deep,
And glare with stony eyes that never sleep,
And o'er the Heavenly Fruitt strew'd doth keep;

Then my poor heart, long struggling to get free,
Torn by the strife, in painful agony
Cried, Oh God, my God, deliver me!

Up from the thickest tumult of the game,
Where spring Life's arrows with unerring aim,
My shaft of Prayer, Acest's like, shall flame.

Not from Life's shallows, where the waters sleep,
A dull low marsh, where stagnant vapors creep,
But ocean-wide, deep calling unto deep;

As he of old, King David, called to thee,
As cries the heart of poor Humanity,
"Clamavi, Domine, exaudi me!"—Fenner's Poems.

THE REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

The London Times makes the following reflections upon the fortunes of the ex-king of France, who, having played for eighteen years the most conspicuous part on the most conspicuous stage of European affairs, is, in a moment, as if by the dropping of a curtain, lost in obscurity:

It may be safely said, there is nothing in history, nothing, at least, in the examples which most readily occur to the mind, that at all comes near the tremendous suddenness of the present royal reverse. This day fortnight Louis Philippe was the most prosperous, the most powerful, and accounted the ablest sovereign in the world. If the reader will just think of it, he will find that this wonderful man had attained the very acme of success, consideration and power. It is a work of time to enumerate the many circumstances of his splendid condition.

His numerous, handsome, and dutiful children; the brilliant alliances, one of them recently concluded, which brought into one family interest the vast region from Antwerp to Cadiz; the near prospect of an event which would probably make his grandchild the sovereign, his son the Regent of Spain; the great cross and drawback of his reign just removed; Algeria pacified after eighteen years' war; his immense private fortune; his eleven or twelve palaces, unequalled for splendor and magnificence, on all of which he had recently spent immense sums of money; his splendid army of four hundred thousand men, in the highest discipline and equipment; a minister of unexampled energy and genius, who had found out at last the secret of France, a metropolis fortified and armed to the teeth against all the world; the favorable advances recently made by those powers who had previously looked down on the Royal *parcours*; the well balanced state of his foreign relations, and the firmly grasped reins of the political car; all these gifts of fortune, and more, if we had time to go on with the list, were heaped on one man, in such profusion as really to pall the imagination. What crowned it all was, that Louis Philippe was allowed the entire credit of his success. It was all the work of his own hands. He might stand, like the ancient king, on the walls and towers which he had drawn round his city, and contemplate the perfect work of beauty and policy which himself had made. The balance of Europe, enriched by the spoils of oppression, have been awakened from their long reveries; they have found the blood of souls on their garments, and the sanctuaries of God reared on the ruins of humanity. Some have voluntarily shut their eyes to the truth, and are crying, "A little more sleep and a little more slumber." Others have resuscitated their decaying energies, and taken a bold stand for liberty, and for man.

What we have described was a sober and solid reality. What we now come to, reads like preposterous incidents of a nursery tale. A mob of artizans, boys and some women, pour through the streets of Paris. They make for the palace. Eighty thousand infantry, cavalry, and artillery, are dumbfounded and stupefied. In a few minutes an elderly couple are seen bustling away from the hubbub; they are thrust into a hack cab, and driven out of the way. The mob rushes into the Senate and proclaims a Republican Government, which exists, which is ruling the nation with great energy and judgment, and is already communicating with the representatives of Foreign Powers. But let us follow the Princes. We say it without any disparagement, and only as relating to the simple truth of the affair. No family of Irish trampers was ever so summarily bundled out of the way as this illustrious group. The Queen, we are told, had run back to a bureau for some silver, but it seems it was not enough, as a hat was sent round for the royal couple at St. Cloud, and a small sum clubbed by the National Guard. At Dux they were left with a five franc piece between them. Flying, "when none pursued," they got to Louis Philippe's once celebrated chateau at Eu, which they are afraid to enter. So they disappeared in space. They were to be at Eu, and for a week that is all we know of them. Meanwhile the rest had dropped one by one. They came like foreign birds, dashed by a storm against a lighthouse. The Duke de Nemours and certain Saxe Coburgs came one day, knowing nothing of the rest. They part in the crowd. A Spanish Infanta, for whose hands all the world was competing only the year before the last, scrambled out another way, through by-roads and back doors; and, strange event, is likely to give Spain an English-born sovereign. Under Victoria's kindly auspices. No sooner, however, have the fugitives found a friendly asylum than they are obliged to seek another roof. Other princes and princesses turn up here and there. A Lady-in-Waiting rejoins her mistress. A Cabinet Minister is found. The children and governess of another arrive. The *reconciles* and *re-unions* are strong enough. A prince of the blood, and an ex-Prefect meet in disguise, and do not know one another. Very late a youthful heir to the crown of France, and who had been actually acknowledged as reigning King by the deputies, is discovered at a Channel Island with his mother and brother. The two children had been almost lost in the mob on leaving the Chamber, had been got somehow to Eu, with their mother, wearied, and bearing muddy marks

of rough travel. Thence, by heavy bribing, they had procured a passage to the first British rock. Thus are they driven and scattered by the bosom of revolution. They arrive penniless, without a change of raiment, dejected and bewildered, telling one another their stories of many strange adventures, having each come a different journey, though starting from one point, and almost at one hour.

After many days' suspense, the King and Queen are heard of, on some private information, on the coast of Normandy, where they had been "on the run," from house to house, and content with humble hospitality; the King, we are told, in strange disguises. They still have a small retinue. These half dozen invaders, without either arms or baggage, do not find it so easy to cross the Channel. Stationing themselves at Honfleur, within twenty miles' sail of Havre, they watch opportunity and the weather, which last delays their passage several days. At length they get into a British steamer. Arrived at Newhaven, after a rough passage, they encounter fresh delays, as if to prove that England is not so easily surprised. Louis Philippe, who was to bridge the British Hellespont, crosses it with foreign aid, and lands in a pea-jacket borrowed from the English captain. He finds himself at home. The associations and the friends of his former exile greet him. A generation passes like a dream, and the aged monarch finds himself the Duke of Orleans, the banished son of old Egalite again. Would that all could be forgotten! But, if what is said be true, some recollections did occur of an accusing character. The frequent exclamation, "Like Charles X., we are told, betrayed the current of his thoughts. "We are verily guilty concerning our brother; therefore is this distress come upon us." At the very moment the missing King appears at one port, his lost minister is heard of at another. Guizot is now in London. His day for active life is over; he is again the philosopher and historian; and doubtless, like the Roman orator, will forthwith occupy his political retirement with studies far more conducive to his reputation, than the government of States.

England's path is clear. She is the refuge of exiles, and opens her shores to the unfortunate of every land or party. She would at once preclude herself from offering this hospitality, and leave Europe without a refuge, if she involved herself in the ruined causes and pretensions of her royal visitors. She can only receive them as exiles, not as pretenders. It may be with some violence to feel, but it is nevertheless necessary to let it be clearly understood that the persons of the unfortunate are pitied and respected, and their former rank remembered, they still possess no higher character than what their own nation chooses to allow.

For the Herald and Journal.

REPORT OF NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE ON SLAVERY.

The Committee on Slavery submit the following Report:—

It is with feelings of gratitude they contemplate the progress of the anti-slavery enterprise. Less than twenty years ago tyranny reigned, comparatively unopposed, over the colored population of our country; avowed patriots heard unmoved the clanking of their chains; and scarcely a voice was lifted in the bondman's behalf, save that of the master, who for the defense of his foreign relations, and the firmly grasped reins of the political car; all these gifts of fortune, and more, if we had time to go on with the list, were heaped on one man, in such profusion as really to pall the imagination. What crowned it all was, that Louis Philippe was allowed the entire credit of his success. It was all the work of his own hands. He might stand, like the ancient king, on the walls and towers which he had drawn round his city, and contemplate the perfect work of beauty and policy which himself had made. The balance of Europe, enriched by the spoils of oppression, have been awakened from their long reveries; they have found the blood of souls on their garments, and the sanctuaries of God reared on the ruins of humanity. Some have voluntarily shut their eyes to the truth, and are crying, "A little more sleep and a little more slumber." Others have resuscitated their decaying energies, and taken a bold stand for liberty, and for man.

The spirit of mobocracy which reigned in the cities, and palsied the tongues of public orators, has been laid low by the gentle word of truth. Churches, enriched by the spoils of oppression, have been awakened from their long reveries; they have found the blood of souls on their garments, and the sanctuaries of God reared on the ruins of humanity. Some have voluntarily shut their eyes to the truth, and are crying, "A little more sleep and a little more slumber." Others have resuscitated their decaying energies, and taken a bold stand for liberty, and for man.

The great idea, that the negro is a man, pervades the national mind. The spirit of inquiry has gone forth; it has reached the gloomy cottage of the slave, cheered his sinking heart, and sent a thrill of shivering horror through that of his oppressor. The feasibility of the anti-slavery enterprise, so far as its great results are concerned, has ceased to be a subject of doubt. The conviction has fastened on the public mind that the slaves must be freed. The day of their emancipation cometh! Mind is moving; the songs of liberty are wafted across the ocean; despotism is vanishing before the spirit of freedom; thrones are falling, kings are trembling and flying, while the masses, inspired by the living, stirring idea of human equality, loudly claim the rights of men. The revolutions of Europe must awaken the spirit of freedom in America; the flame of liberty, that has burned but dimly upon our national altars, will be kindled to a bright glow; and should the justice of our countrymen sleep, we may hope that, at least, a generous pride, and an elevated self respect may induce them to efface the stain of slavery from our national escutcheon. A vast work, however, yet to be performed. Slavery dictates in the halls of legislation; it commands the army and navy; all public officers are in its power, and demagogues stand ready, at the sound of sack but or of harp, to do it homage. Slavery has thrown around it for bulwarks; pulpits resound with its praise; ecclesiastical organizations christen it with the title, philanthropic, and join their sympathetic hearts to nourish and protect their adopted monster.

The position of our church is comparatively enabling. Our people, as a body, are deeply imbued with the spirit of equality and Christian brotherhood. Still, it is a source of regret to every ardent friend of the oppressed, that our ecclesiastical enactments are not more explicit on a subject involving such criminal relations.

One of our general rules prohibits in its spirit, if not in its letter, the whole system of slavery; but unfortunately the Tenth Section of the Discipline, arranged at a subsequent period, and adapted to the existence of slavery in the church, practically abridges the general rule. If we regard the Tenth Section as a limitation of the gen-

eral rule, it is a nullity. If we regard it as a prohibition of Slavery, it is a failure; because it is less prohibitory than the general rule. From this fact it bears the appearance of submission to Slavery. We, therefore, conclude that the position of our church is too equivocal to meet the enlightened opinions of this progressive age.

What shall be done in the present crisis of the anti-slavery movement, is a question of vital interest.

It certainly becomes Christians to lift their prayers to God, that the oppressed may go free. Preachers of the Gospel, refreshing their hearts at the fountain of living truth, should remember them in the public ministrations of the sanctuary. The *whole Gospel* must be preached. Its power alone can elevate the moral sentiment of the nation, so as to secure the emancipation of the slaves. When the practical and comprehensive duties of religion shall be clearly and boldly preached, when Christians shall throw off the terrors of the party, and let Christianity speak through the ballot-box, the bands of oppression must break.

As a summary expression of their views, the Committee would offer the following resolutions:—

Resolved, 1. That the progress of anti-slavery truth and sentiments, calls for the devout and lively gratification of every philanthropist.

Resolved, 2. That the united and untiring efforts of all friends of humanity, should be consecrated to the achievement of liberty for the oppressed.

Resolved, 3. That the glory of God and the good of mankind require the exclusion of slaveholders from the Christian church.

Resolved, 4. That the testimony of the M. E. Church against "the sum of all villainies," would be more explicit and decided, were the Tenth Section of the Discipline retained.

Resolved, 5. That as preachers of the Gospel of purity and brotherly kindness, we will prudently, yet faithfully preach against slavery; frequently presenting to our people its black enormities, the wrongs of the oppressed, and the guilt, both of the oppressors and of those who wink at their crimes.

LORENZO R. THAYER, Chairman.

JOHN H. TWOMBLY, Secretary.

For the Herald and Journal.

ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.

Interpreters observe, that the doctrine of Original sin, touching the period of the torments of the damned, is here condemned; [referring to Heb. 6:2:] and indeed the primitive fathers, not Origen himself, excepted that. The frequent exclamation, "Like Charles X., we are told, betrayed the current of his thoughts. "We are verily guilty concerning our brother; therefore is this distress come upon us." At the very moment the missing King appears at one port, his lost minister is heard of at another. Guizot is now in London. His day for active life is over; he is again the philosopher and historian; and doubtless, like the Roman orator, will forthwith occupy his political retirement with studies far more conducive to his reputation, than the government of States.

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closure on the banks of the river where they were landed, and that no man has troubled himself to see that they reached their destination.—N. Y. Observer.

IM TOO BUSY.

A merchant sat at his office desk; various letters were spread before him; his whole being was absorbed in the intricacies of his business.

A zealous friend of mankind entered the office. "I want to interest you a little in a new effort for the temperance cause," said the good man.

The merchant cut him off by replying:

"Sir, you must excuse me, but really I'm too busy to attend to that subject now."

"But, sir, intemperance is on the increase among us," said his friend.

"It is, I'm sorry; but I'm too busy to present anything."

"When shall I call again, sir?"

"I cannot tell. I'm very busy. I'm busy every day. Excuse me, sir, I wish you a good morning."

Then bowing the intruder out of the office, he resumed the study of his papers.

The merchant had frequently repulsed the friends of humanity in this manner. No matter what was the object, he was too busy to listen to their claims. He had even told his minister he was too busy for any thing but to make money.

But one morning a disagreeable stranger stepped very softly to his side, laying a cold, moist hand upon his brow, and saying, "Go home with me."

The merchant laid down his pen; his head grew dizzy; his stomach felt faint and sick; he left the counting room, went home and retired to his bed-chamber.

His unwelcome visitor had followed him, and now took his place by the bed-side, whispering ever and anon, "You must go with me."

A cold chill settled on the merchant's heart; dim spectres of ships, notes, houses, lands fitted before his excited mind. Still his pulse beat slower, his heart heavily ached, thick films gathered over his eyes, his tongue refused to speak. Then the merchant knew that the name of his visitor was Death!

All other claimants on his attention, except the friends of Mammon, had always found a quick dismissal in the magic phrase, "I'm too busy."

Humanity, Mercy, Religion, had alike begged his influence, means, and attention, in vain. But when Death came, the excuse was powerless; he was compelled to have leisure to die.

Let us beware how we make ourselves too busy to secure life's great end. When the excuse rises to our lips, and we are about to say we are too busy to do good, let us remember we cannot be too busy to die.

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

Night kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. And the stars shone, and pure drops hung upon its blushing bosom and watched its gentle slumbers. Morning came with dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke, joyous and smiling. Lightly it danced to and fro in all the loveliness of youth and youthful innocence.

NOT EXACTLY.

Br. Stevens:—I find a small mistake in your article in Zion's Herald of the 12th inst., which involves the parentage of my first published sermon. You say, in speaking of the contents of the first issue of Zion's Herald ever issued, dated Jan. 9, 1832, that "there is a good sermon on the text 'Enoch Mudge, full of the spirit of Zion, the God reigneth!'" This sermon was not written by my good brother Mudge, who would have written one far better, on the same subject, but by my humble self, as were all those subsequent Nos. of "Short Sermons by V. D. M." which appeared in after Nos. of the Herald. This little affair was my *bastling*—my first attempt at sermon writing—and my first communication for the press. You will therefore excuse my fraternal regard for my *oldest child*. As you wish to state things "exactly," it may give you pleasure to correct the above.

Yours in the Gospel of Christ,
SHIPEL WELLS WILSON.

We gladly correct our mistake; it arose from a confused recollection of Br. Mudge's signature.

COURSE OF STUDY—PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE.

FIRST YEAR.—I.—The Bible, as to Doctrines, with reference to Wesley's Notes, the Bible, and Gaston's Collections of Sacred Services, Wesley's Sermons, Fletcher's Appeal and Christian Perfection, English Grammar and Composition.

Upon this part of the course, the Committee recommend that the examination include the following particular, viz.—

1. The Bible, in reference to the following doctrines, viz.—1. The Existence of God. 2. The Attributes of God, viz: Unity, Spirituality, Eternity, Omnipotence, Ubiquity, Omniscience, Immutability, Wisdom, Goodness, Holiness. 3. The Trinity in Unity. 4. The Divinity of Christ. 5. The Perfections of Christ. 6. The Moral Union. 7. Personality. 8. Depravity. 9. Atonement. 10. Repentance. 11. Justification by Faith. 12. Regeneration. 13. Adoption. 14. Christian Perfection. 15. Possibility of Final Apostacy. 16. Resurrection of the Body. 17. General Judgment. 18. Rewards and Punishments.—By L. Bonney.

It is intended that the examination on the preceding doctrines shall be strictly Biblical, requiring the Candidate to give the statement of the doctrine, and the Scriptural proofs.

II.—All of Wesley's Sermons are to be thoroughly read; and the Candidate to be prepared for examination upon the following topics, viz.—1. Divine Providence. 2. Original Sin. 3. God's Love to Man. 4. Predestination. 5. Free Grace. 6. The Nature and Proprieties of the Divine Law. 7. The Scriptural Way of Salvation. 8. The Means of Grace. 9. The New Birth. 10. The Church. 11. The Ministerial Office. 12. Schism. 13. Death. 14. The Spirit of Bondage. 14. The Witness of the Spirit. 15. The Witness of our own Spirit. 16. Sin in Believers. 17. Repentance in Believers. 18. Christian Perfection. 19. The Day of Judgment. 20. The Resurrection of the Dead. 21. Reward of the Righteous. 22. Punishment of the Wicked. 23. Good Angels. 24. Evil Angels.—By A. F. Park.

III.—English Grammar and Composition. Any approved English Grammar, and a written Composition. By A. F. Park.

The remaining books of the first year, to be required as reference and reading books.

SECOND YEAR.—I.—The Bible as to Ordinances or Sacraments. Reference books the same as the first year. 1. The Sacrament of Baptism; its nature and design; its subjects and mode. 2. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; its nature and design; its obligation.—By J. Lovejoy.

III.—Watson's Life of Wesley.—By D. Dorchester.

III.—Bishop Watson's Apology for the Bible.—By S. Bent.

IV.—Fletcher's last Check, embracing the doctrine of Christian Perfection. The Book of Discipline. By P. Townsend.

V.—Geography and Composition.—By S. Fox.

Each Candidate is required to present for examination a written Composition upon a theme of his own selection.

THIRD YEAR.—I.—The Bible as to History and Chronology. Books of reference as before. Candidates to be prepared upon the leading events recorded in the Old and New Testaments, ascertaining the dates of events chiefly from Clarke's Commentary, Church History; Text Book, Ruter's Church History. By C. Mungar.

II.—First and Second Parts of Watson's Institutes. By J. Mather.

III.—Rhetoric, (Newman's.) Mental Philosophy, (Upham's.)—By A. Swinerton.

IV.—Each Candidate to compose and present to the Committee a written Sermon or Essay, for examination.—By R. Livesey.

FOURTH YEAR.—I.—The Bible generally.—By J. W. Case.

II.—Watson's Institutes, Third and Fourth Parts. By D. Wiles.

III.—Powell on Apostolical Succession. Old Christianity, &c., by G. Ouseley.—By W. Emerson.

IV.—Logic and Moral Science.—By A. Stevens.

Each Candidate is required to present to the Committee a Composition in the form of an Essay or a Sermon.

RESTORATION OF CIRCUITS.

The Committee to whom was re-committed a report which was presented to the Conference one year ago, on the subject of the pecuniary embarrassments of our small stations, ask leave to submit the following report:—

It is believed that the subject to which the Committee have been requested to direct their attention, is very generally admitted to be an important one; that at present no small degree of attention and interest has been awakened in reference to it, both among our people and persons; and that the present course, of continuing multiplying our small stations, will, if persisted in a few years longer, be productive of circumstances which will compel us, though reluctantly, perhaps, to a thorough examination of it. And yet, notwithstanding the claims which this subject has on our attention, such is the character of the difficulties connected with it, as to produce no little distrust, whether anything that can be said or done at the present time will be attended with anything perhaps beyond indifferent success. It may not, however, be amiss to suggest, that, as the future grows out of the past, we may have arrived at that period of time when the probability of a retrospect of the past, with reference to the probable course which it is to arise from it on the interests of the future. An acquaintance with the condition of many of our small stations brings to view the following facts. There is one class of our small stations, whose present embarrassments consist in a pecuniary inability to discharge the debt which has been contracted by erecting their houses of worship. With a truly commendable effort they manage so as to meet their current expenses; and the considerations arising out of their favorable location with the ordinary blessing on well directed efforts, seem to warrant expectations which present themselves.

There is another class, which, in addition to a heavy debt, are afflicted by a dependence for their existence on stations, on the special donations of a few persons on whose continued liberality we can make no certain calculations, and the withdrawal of which would completely blight the prospects of the society. There is another class, which, on account of local circumstances with which they are surrounded, or of disposition, or inability, or both, afford little or no promise of permanency of character as stations.

There are other stations, which, after having been established, have still existed under pressure of a heavy debt, or a religious apathy, or perhaps both, from which no efforts seem to avert them.

The Calvinistic Magazine—the official organ of the New School Presbyterian Church in Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee—was established in January, 1846, for the especial and highly Christian purpose, it would seem of *trading*, in the most violent manner, the Methodist Episcopal Church, in its ministry, government, doctrine, discipline, &c. It is edited by a quaternon of Calvinistic divines, one of whom is the Rev. Isaac Anderson, D. D., a man who cut some figure with the *past* generation as President of the Southwestern Theological Seminary, but whose influence has been waning for many years before the insidious advances of that monster heresy, called *Arminianism*. The *her* of this war, however, is the Rev. Frederick A. Ross, whose terrible forays into the territory of Methodism, and whose proscriptive zeal show him not to be an unwise disciple of the Geneva divine. He is the author of the "Iron Wheels," the rumbling of whose distant thunder you have heard afar off. The controversy was commenced by him, in sermon preached throughout East Tennessee and Southwest Virginia,

in which the peculiar doctrines and usages of Methodism were assailed with extraordinary boldness and violence. These were succeeded by the publication of pamphlets, in the same strain, for general circulation. And lastly, the establishment of the Calvinistic Magazine. The points especially made in its attacks thus far, are:

1. That the Wesleyan "doctrine of the Direct Witness of the Spirit is mischievous, false, fanatical, and of dangerous tendency!"

2. That the Methodist Class Meeting System involves all the principles, and is of more corrupting tendency than the *Roman Catholic Confessional*!!

3. That "Methodism is a great money power," that its preachers have usurped the rights of the laity, and exercise over them a cruel spiritual despotism!!!!

4. That the "Discipline is a fraud," the "Methodist Episcopacy a forgery," and the rites of Baptism, the Lord's Supper, Marriage, &c., as administered by Methodist preachers, consequently invalid!!!!

These positions proceed somewhat in the order of a climax. When new developments are yet to be made, time will show.

Propositions so extraordinary have been sustained by arguments and denunciation, remarkable only for their coarseness and vulgarity; in which Mr. Ross shows his indebtedness to the whole tribe of Methodist lampooners, from the Rev. Mr. Toplady, down to the Rev. Alexander McCann, and the Rev. "Bishop Musgrave." Such violence of denunciation, as a matter of course, has begotten violence in return, and the bitter fruits of this sectarian controversy are powerfully manifest in its effects upon the members of both churches. Heart-burnings, distrust, jealousies, evil speaking, want of confidence in Christian character, &c., are the natural and mortifying results, so far as the two denominations are concerned; but the cause of outraged Christianity bleeds, and infidelity triumphs.

It is, however, a matter of rejoicing to us, that the cause of Methodism, thus far, has received no visible check from these violent assaults. In all its numerous contests with error and prejudice hitherto, it has not been compelled to the conclusion that it originated not in the South and West, but in Old England, where the population is more dead than it is with us; and that there, within the last century, Methodism has constituted an itinerary proper. And while with much complacency we admit the adaptation of the circuit system to the condition of the sparse population of the South and West, rather than to the condition of things in New England, we must not forget that it originated not in the South and West, but in Old England, where the population is more dead than it is with us; and that there, within the last century, Methodism has constituted an itinerary proper. And while with much complacency we admit the adaptation of the circuit system to the condition of the sparse population of the South and West, rather than to the condition of things in New England, we must not forget that it originated not in the South and West, but in Old England, where the population is more dead than it is with us; and that there, within the last century, Methodism has constituted an itinerary proper.

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From the National Era.

LAMARTINE.

The poems of Lamartine are little known to English readers. We subjoin the following version, which we have adopted, of one of them, written on the eve of his departure for Palestine, and addressed to the Academy of Marseilles. It breathes the true spirit of religious reverence—the poetry of Christianity.

J. G. W.

THE HOLY LAND.

I have not fel'd o'er seas of sand;
The rocking of the desert bark;
Nor laved at Hebron's faint my hand;
By Hebron's palm-trees cool and dark;
Nor pitch'd my tent; at even fall,
On dust where Job of old had lain,
Nor dream'd beneath its canvas wall
The dream of Jacob o'er again.

One vast world-wide remains unred:
How shine the stars in Chalde'a's sky,
How sounds the reverent pilgrim's tread,
How beats the heart with God as high!

How round grey arch and column lone
The spirit of the old time broods,
And sighs on all the winds which mean
Along sandy solitudes?

In thy tall cedar, Lebanon,
I have not heard the nations' cries,
Nor seen thy eagles stooping down.
Where buried Tyre in ruin lies.
The Christian's prayer I have not said
In Tadmor's temples of decay,
Nor started with my dread
The waste where Memnon's empire lay.

Nor have I from thy hallowed tide,
Oh, Jordan! heard the low lament,
Like that sad wail along thy side,
Which Israel's mournful Prophet sent?

Nor thrilled within that grotto lone,
Where, dead in night, the Bard of Kings
Felt hands of fire direct his own,
And sweep for God the conscious strings?

I have not climbed to Olivet,
Nor laid me where my Savior lay,
And left his trace of tears, as yet;
By angel eyes unwept away;

Nor watched at midnight's solemn time
The garden where His prayer and groan,
Wring by His sorrow and our crime,
Rose to Our listening ear alone!

I have not kissed the rock-hewn grot
Where in His Mother's arms he lay,
Nor knelt upon the sacred spot
Where last His footstep pressed the clay;

Nor looked on that sad mountain head,
Nor smote my sinful breast, where wide
His arms to fold the world He spread,
And bowed His head to bless, and died!

BIOGRAPHICAL.

THOMAS T. EDGERLY, Esq., died in Farmington, N. H., Feb. 1, aged 54 years. Br. Edgerly formerly resided in Dover, where he sustained the office of class leader, and was a worthy and useful member of the M. E. Church. On moving to Farmington, as there was no society in the place, he retained his membership at Dover, and though remote from the public and social means of grace, to which he felt ardently attached, he maintained his pious integrity in the midst of multiplied and pressing worldly cares. His sickness was protracted and severe, but his mind was clear and active. He adjusted all his temporal affairs, as far as practicable, and was ready to die. I visited him but once in his last sickness, as the distance was eighteen miles, but I have seldom met with one more rationally composed, waiting his change with a well-grounded hope of immortality, than Br. Edgerly.

S. KELLEY.

Dover, April 21.

Mrs. HANNAH HORN, widow of the late Mr. Samuel Horn, of Tuftonboro, N. H., departed this life, April 16, aged 50 years. Sister Horn has for thirty years maintained the Christian profession by a well ordered life and a godly conversation. Her hope to the last was "like an anchor to the soul," and now the body is forever free from the wasting consumption and raging fever, while the happy spirit has doubtless found its long sought rest. She was much loved in life and deeply lamented in death; but weeping friends are consoled with the reflection that their loss is her infinite gain. The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

DANIEL W. BARBER.

Tuftonboro, April 20.

Mrs. ELIZABETH SAWYER, wife of Hon. Thomas E. Sawyer, died in Dover, N. H., Dec. 1, aged 34 years. By a pious example and amiable deportment, the deceased endeared herself to a large circle of friends, who deeply mourn her loss; but in the domestic department of life, as a companion and mother, her virtues and influence were peculiarly appropriate. She died in the sweet hope of a blissful immortality. Her last sickness was short and trying, so that but little conversation was entertained with her friends; yet when sinking in death's proud waves, her soul was happy in the Savior, and she was ready to depart and "be with Christ, which is far better." "To die is gain."

S. KELLEY.

Dover, April 21.

Sister DOROTHY BROCK, wife of Ralph Brock, died in Dover, N. H., Oct. 30, 1847, aged 56 years. Sister Brock was a uniform and consistent Christian. She experienced religion many years since, but never united with any church till she came to this town, when she became acquainted with the Methodists. Under the labors of Rev. J. Perkins she was revived in the things of the Spirit, and united with the M. E. Church, of which she remained an exemplary and worthy member till she was called to her reward in heaven. Such was the nature of her last sickness that she could converse but little, but was calmly resigned to the Divine will, and we doubt not sleeps in Jesus.

S. KELLEY.

Dover, April 21.

SUSAN WINCH died in Winchendon, Mass., March 23, aged 64 years. She was a member of the M. E. Church for more than 20 years, and demonstrated the genuineness of her religion by a blameless life. A short time previous to her death she was asked, what word she would leave for a daughter who was absent. "Tell her," said she, "that I leave this vale of tears in peace." So joyously passes the Christian to her heavenly rest.

W. GORDON.

Winchendon, April 11.

Mrs. NANCY PAGE, wife of Mr. Aaron Page, and daughter of Peter and Hannah Stevens, died in Danville, N. H., Feb. 30, aged 45 years. Sister Page was a good woman, though she reproached herself that she had honored and loved her blessed Jesus no more. She died in peace. Her disease was consumption, and though her sufferings were extreme, she endured them patiently. Her prayer was, "Lord, give me patience."

ABRAHAM S. FRENCH.

Sandown, April 3.

Mrs. SIMEON BAILEY died in Durham, Me., March 23, aged 52 years, leaving a widow and

four children to mourn. He was a Christian eighteen years, and a member of the M. E. Church ten years. He died of ulcers upon the stomach. During a painful sickness of three months, Br. Bailey was remarkably resigned and peaceful, often saying, "I have been wonderfully sustained." His end was, emphatically and suddenly.

D. WATERHOUSE.

Durham, April 20.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

For the Herald and Journal.

ADDRESS

Delivered by a Scholar at the Anniversary of the Sabbath School at Chestnut St. Church, Portland, Me.

SCHOOLMATES AND CLASSMATES.—In complying with the request of the Superintendent, to address you on this occasion, I could think of no subject so suitable as the study of the Word of God; that word which is able to make us wise, not only for this world but for the world which is to come. It is for this that Sunday Schools were established. It is for this that our teachers leave their homes and meet us here every returning Sabbath. Let us look back on the pages of history, and contrast our situation at the present day with that of our ancestors, the primitive inhabitants of our father-land. Clothed in the skins of beasts they roamed, rude and uncultivated, over the forests of Great Britain. Let us suppose it to be a *Feast Day*. From a neighboring thicket arises the sound of voices. Is it the song of praise, of thanksgiving for favors received from their Creator? And now the crackling of fire reaches us. Is it the sacrifice which they return in gratitude to God? But why those shrieks, those frightful yells? Alas! they proceed from the dying victims of Pagan superstition; and these are their religious rites. What heathen nation can parallel this? And these are our ancestors. And what but this holy book has made us to differ; that instead of assembling on the Sabbath to study its sacred pages, we are not like them called to meet in a heathen temple. Surely is it not owing to the goodness of God that we have been so much more enlightened? Even the names of the months and the days of the week are of heathen origin. We can trace them to some fabulous deity in whose honor they were so called.

Let us then, while so constantly reminded from whence we sprung, from what a state of barbarism we have been called, come on this day appointed for fasting and prayer, with humility and thanksgiving, acknowledge that to God and his word we are indebted for the superior privileges which we enjoy. Let us then study the Scriptures, that we may learn the character of the Divine author; that we may become acquainted with him, who "though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor." We can here witness with growing interest the events of his life. We hear his declamation in the temple against those who profaned it with their iniquitous traffic. We follow him to the garden, and witness his agony there. We are conveyed to Mount Calvary; we see the last sigh, we hear the last groan; we listen to his dying prayer, "Father, forgive them." Once more we behold him. He has triumphed over death and disrobed it of its terrors; he has finished his appointed work, and is now about to ascend to his Father. "Heaven opens wide her ever-during gates," and admits him. And now we see him at the right hand of God, as mediator between him and a fallen world.

Let us study, then, that we may learn to imitate those holy men who lived and "walked with God." Of those too, who, in the morning of life, acknowledged God as the guide of their youth. Of Josiah, who at the early age of eight years sought the Lord. Of young Abijah, who, though the son of an idolatrous king, and surrounded by vicious examples, chose the service of the God of Israel. Of Timothy, who was early instructed in the things which pertained to his everlasting peace. We are commanded to search the Scriptures. For what reason? For therein are contained the words of eternal life. We come to the Sabbath School for the purpose of obtaining Bible instruction; at home and at school we receive information.—"Line upon line, precept upon precept." We live in a Christian country, and in a favored section of it, the "land of the Pilgrims," on whose ground the first words uttered was prayer. "Father, forgive them." Once more we behold him. He has triumphed over death and disrobed it of its terrors; he has finished his appointed work, and is now about to ascend to his Father. "Heaven opens wide her ever-during gates," and admits him. And now we see him at the right hand of God, as mediator between him and a fallen world.

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